

WIRE CORPORATIONS ARE IN A VERY TIGHT PLACE

Western Union Gives Out Misleading Statement; Operators Leave Commercial for Railroad Work

Why the probability that a strike telegraphers will be called west... According to statements given out at the national office of the telegraphers' union...

ACME OF WARFARE IS REACHED HERE

Law Violating Concern Will Not Hire Men Who Are Socialists

(Special to Chicago Daily Socialist.) Manitowish, Wis., July 17.—As a result of fierce political rivalry between the combined old parties and the Socialists, it is becoming impossible for a man who is known to be a Socialist to secure work in some of the places which are not thoroughly unionized.

WANT WEST POINTERS TO BE GENTLEMEN

Instruction Now Said to Be Too Technical; Change Suggested

WHO IS RUNNING THE UNITED STATES NAVY?

Regular Officers Get Orders Through the Newspapers Only

NINE MEN DEAD AS RESULT OF EXPLOSION

No Way in Which Accidents Aboard Warships Can Be Prevented

RAIL COMPANY WILL OBSERVE ANNIVERSARY

Medora, July 17.—A celebration in honor of Owen Lovejoy, the famous abolitionist of 1860, will be held here July 23.

HARD BLOW FOR THE BEAUTIFUL BIG HATS

London, July 17.—"No peace for women's cartwheel hats," said the London beauty specialists.

TWO MAYORS RULE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Dr. Taylor Elected by the Anti-Graft Ring; Schmitz to Have Support of Police

San Francisco, Cal., July 17.—The election of a new mayor last night in the person of Edward R. Taylor, physician and lawyer and some other things, demonstrating that Schmitz is still a power in the city.

HOW DR. EVANS TREATS THE CITY'S POOR SICK

Cuts Off Light and Heat and Says He Does Not Know Anything About the Advisory Board

ERROR SENT WOMAN TO PEN

The Poor Creature Is Dead and the Legislature Has a Bill Ordering Her Release

NEW BAPTIST PASTOR LABOR UNION MEMBER

Rev. Leroy Viets, for Four Years Pastor of Watertown Church, Is a Typesetter

MEN, HORRID THINGS, GET A LITERARY SLAP

London, July 17.—In the preface to a new volume of stories Marie Corelli has the following to say by way of getting even with "men, horrid men!"

BOMB KILLS HIGH RUSSIAN OFFICER

(By United Press Associations.) St. Petersburg, July 17.—General Alkhanoff, former governor of Tiflis, was assassinated by the explosion of a bomb at Alexandropol today.

July Weather



Geewhiz, I'm half baked on one side and nearly drowned on the other.

BOY DROWNED TO SAVE HIS MOTHER

Sad Sequel to the Birthday Celebration of a Five-Year-Old

RAIDED ELEGANT FRATERNITY HOUSE

Hyde Park Youths Caught by the Police and Given a Heart-to-Heart Talk

RAW FOOD MAN IS WONDER TO DOCTORS

(By United Press Associations.) New York, July 17.—Dr. Julian P. Thomas, noted aeronaut and automobilist, who with two young women narrowly escaped death recently in an accident to his car, will resume both his aerial voyages and auto tours as soon as he can get about.

HOW RAILWAY LINE NABBED A SURPLUS

Extended Retaining Wall Into Street Near Ravenswood Park

NEW FIGHT ON TRUSTS

St. Paul, Minn., July 17.—From the office of the United States attorney for the district of Minnesota the announcement is made that plans are almost completed for an attack upon an organization of retail lumber yards which got the entire northwest and which is declared to be an illegal combination in restraint of trade.

GROOM 84, BRIDE 34, ARE HAPPILY WEDDED

Washington, July 17.—Bridegroom 84, bride 34. Those are the striking features of the marriage return that Rev. Alfred Harding, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church, made. The grizzled old bridegroom is James H. Whitcomb, retired pay director in the United States navy, a member of the Aztec club, composed of those who fought under General Zach Taylor.

SHERIFF TESTIFIES THAT CLASS WAR PREVAILED

Haywood Defense Wins On Every Material Point; Mine Owners Paid Gun Men Who Served As Deputies At Cripple Creek

(Appeal to Reason Special to Chicago Daily Socialist.) Boise, July 17.—J. C. Rutan, sheriff of San Miguel county, Colorado, who was placed on the stand in rebuttal by the state, proved a most valuable witness for the defense before Richardson concluded cross-examination.

Rutan, with others, made the request that brought the troops to Telluride during the 1903-04 strike. It was the mine owners who countenanced and assisted in the deportations of union men from the strike district before martial law was declared.

Richardson's severe cross-examination elicited many damaging statements relative to the conduct of the strike that were far from pleasing to Attorney Borah and Hawley. The witness admitted that of his own personal knowledge he knew no property owners, nor had he any personal acquaintance with any of the mine owners who were members of the Mine Owners' association, he said, led the mob that deported union men soon after the strike was called.

WEDDING OF YOUNG SENATOR FINALLY SET

Occurs Early in August at American Legation in Berlin; Connected With Field Estate

OPEN AIR TALK AT DOOR OF CHURCH

How Mrs. Walter West and Her Husband Will Endeavor to Set Themselves Right

DEMAND THAT ALL BE GIVEN FRANCHISE

Scheme to Deprive Voters of Their Rights to Be Contested

PRESIDENT FAVORS RIFLE SHOOTING IN SCHOOLS

Oyster Bay, July 17.—"First in muscle, first in art and first in the hearts (with a rifle bullet) of his fellow-men," Theodore Roosevelt.

FAIRBANKS EATS WITH HONEST SECTION MAN

(By United Press Associations.) Portland, Ore., July 17.—Vice President Fairbanks dined with the lowly on Monday—but it was because he missed a train.



CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

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ANALYZE STOMACH OF DEAD WOMAN

Authorities Plan for Testing the Vital Organs of the Clinton Victim

Dr. G. B. Edmondson, mayor of Clinton, Ill., and Warren E. D. Mitchell, assistant state's attorney of DeWitt county, came to Chicago this morning to consult Prof. Haines of Rush Medical College and Dr. Evans of the health department relative to an analysis to be made of the stomach of Mrs. Pet Magill, whose death at Clinton has caused much excitement and resulted in the arrest of her husband and his new wife at San Diego, Cal.

BODY WAS CREMATED; NOW WIFE WANTS COIN

Husband Had Been Deserted, Defendant in Suit Declares

(By United Press Associations.) Cincinnati, July 17.—John B. Campbell of this city yesterday filed his answer to the suit brought by his daughter-in-law, Ella Campbell of Chicago, who wants \$25,000 damages from him because he cremated the body of her husband, James Campbell, when the latter died in this city two years ago.

BOOK BARGAINS

The Struggle for Suffrage, by W. T. Mills. The Changing Order, by O. L. Triggs. The Evolution of Man, by H. S. Gantt. The American Farmer, by A. M. Simons. The Sale of an Appetite, by Paul L. Barge.

We will send the above five books, prepaid, on receipt of \$5.00.

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST, 150 East Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Remarkable Prize Contest

Seldom, if ever, has a Socialist paper offered greater inducements to those who are willing to work for subscribers than is now offered by the Chicago Daily Socialist.

- 1. The subscriptions may be sent in either by an organization or an individual. 2. All subscriptions received in letters bearing a July or August postmark or handed in at the office during the period above mentioned will count on the contest. 3. The prizes will be awarded

FIRST PRIZE. One set of "The Ideas That Have Influenced Civilization."

SECOND PRIZE. Socialist Library Worth Fifty Dollars.

THIRD AND FOURTH PRIZES. Two Socialist Libraries—Value Twenty-five Dollars Each.

FOR THE TEN NEXT HIGHEST. A Five Dollar Library to Each.

Address CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST, 80-82 Washington St., Chicago.

Read This; Then Take Heart; Poor Crippled Woman Is Brave

By Peter Bulthouse. I was reviewing some of the subscribers to the Chicago Daily Socialist who had been dropped by one of the delinquent newspaper carriers. It was a discouraging job until I entered the basement of an old cottage in Thirty-sixth street and inquired if a Miss Olson lived there.

"I waited until 7 o'clock Monday night for my paper, but I was afraid it wouldn't come, so I went to the corner to buy one. I saw a man who I thought I had seen before. He was carrying a bundle of papers and I asked him if he had my paper.

"Will Not Permit Torture. I believe the rats ought to be killed because they eat into everything and bite me at night, there are so many of them here. I can't let the men torture them if I can help it.

800 CATHOLIC WOMEN IN NATIONAL MEET

(By United Press Associations.) Springfield, Mass., July 17.—Over 800 delegates to the second triennial and the ninth convention of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, the largest fraternal organization of women in the world, arrived in the city yesterday for the sessions which opened today.

ARGENTINA PLANS GREAT EXPOSITION IN 1910

Washington, July 17.—A big industrial and educational exposition is being planned to be held in Buenos Ayres in 1910 in celebration of the centennial of that country's independence.

MUENSTERBERG IS HARD HIT

Harvard Professor Who Made Orchard a Great Man, Spars for Wind and Time

(Special to Chicago Daily Socialist.) New York, July 17.—The New York Volkzeitung, the Socialist organ in the German language, has drawn blood on Hugo Muensterberg, the Harvard professor and psychologist, who went to Boise to study Orchard and caused a sensation by declaring that the testimony of Orchard is true.

"The Great Letter. Clifton, Mass., July 9, 1907.—Editor of the New York Volkzeitung. Dear Sir: You were so friendly as to occupy yourself with a discussion of my shameful deeds in a lengthy editorial in one of your recent issues.

He Considers. I consider it, of course, below my dignity to publicly defend myself against such calumnies.

Submit Evidence. A number of the "Socialist" was produced by Kirwan to show that in his testimony at Boise, Morris Friedman

News for Unionists

Father Joseph Gleason, rector of St. Mary's Catholic church at Oakland, Cal., and former chaplain of the Sixth Cavalry, has come out with a denunciation of the street car strike at San Francisco.

One of the best ways to help the Daily Socialist is to call at our office and buy some of the Socialist Books we carry in an order by mail. We carry all the books published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co.—Adv.

PINKERTONS STILL INFEST UNION; MINERS EXPELL TWO

(Special to Chicago Daily Socialist.) Denver, July 17.—That the Pinkerton detective agency has not lost its job with the Mine Owners' association has been proved here.

Two Caught. Fred Benzer and Olaf Erickson, delegates to the convention of United Mine Workers, district No. 22, which was in session here, were openly denounced at the meeting as Pinkerton men and spies.

Also Have Detectives. "The employers engaged detectives to watch us," said Kirwan, "so the Western Federation of Miners fought fire with fire by hiring detectives to report the action of spies.

UNION MEN TURN TRAITOR AS OFFICIALS

Manitowoc, Wis., July 17.—The city council has killed a resolution known as the Bruins resolution, providing that the council go on record as favoring organized labor.

NINTH ANNUAL SOCIALIST PICNIC

ELLIOTT'S PARK, ON ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. SUNDAY, JULY 21st

Given by the SOCIALIST PARTY OF COOK COUNTY. Tickets the Round Trip: Adults 50c; Children 25c

An Elaborate Program of Athletics Has Been Arranged

Table with columns: RACING, BALL GAME, DANCING. Rows: Kellogg's Military Band, Trains Leaving as follows, Returning from Park.

Tickets for Sale at the Daily Socialist Office and at Headquarters, 163 East Randolph Street, Room 14.

CURE IN 5 DAYS HYDROCELE VARICOCELE

(Enlargement of Veins.) NO PAIN—NO CUTTING. I want to cure every man suffering with Varicocele, Stricture, Blood Poisoning, Hydrocele or Private Diseases.

No pay for failure, only for permanent cure. LUNGS. Suffering with shortness of breath, bronchitis or tuberculosis will be cured through my latest method.

Private diseases of men I cure to stay cured. Consultation Free. DR. L. E. ZINS, 41 So. Clark St., Chicago

SOLIDARITY OF WORKINGMEN DEMANDS THAT THEY Smoke Union-Made Blue Label Cigars

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS USE NATURAL HEALING FIRST for any kind of disease. Consultation free. Call on Comrade Dr. Gleason, Natural Healer, 52 Paulistons Avenue.

PLUMBERS, HEATING & PLUMBING. Gas Stove and Furnace Repairs. 325 Indiana Ave., Phone 2838.

WILLIAM TIBBERT, S. W. F. L. Room, 2824 Strand St., Chicago.

SCIENCE AND SOCIALISM, by Robert Rieu La Monte, and Marx on "Cheapness," translated by LaMonte, have just been published in the Pocket Library of Socialism, at 50 cents.

Buffet and Restaurant. SCHMIDT, 104 WELLS ST. Restaurant and Buffet, Pool and Billiards. Union Goods, Popular Price. Deutsches Kuechen.

AMUSEMENTS

Riverview

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD? ALTHOUGH WE ARE DOING THE BIGGEST BUSINESS of any park in the country there are swelled heads around here. Everybody here is ON THE JOB TO KEEP THE PARK WHERE IT IS—THE Greatest Pleasure Place IN THE WORLD OF PARKS LAST WEEK OF DUSS SKATING RINK ALL THE TIME

N. WATRY & CO. Spectacles & Eyeglass Makers. 99 and 101 E. Randolph-st. EYES CAREFULLY TESTED. Kodaks, Cameras and Supplies.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES. Classified set in nonpareil, per line.10c. Classified per week, per line..... 8c. Measurement for classified advertisement is six words to the line. No advertisement less than two lines will be accepted.

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SALARY LOANS. On Easy Terms. Room 905, 153 La Salle Street. THOMAS & CO.

PERSONAL

ECLIPSE INSECT EXTERMINATORS—Eight years' practical experience; insects of all kinds exterminated; yearly guaranteed contracts taken; we also do work on a flat fee per call. 470 Wells St., Phone, North 176.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR TIME. IF YOU want to learn music, learn right; day or night lessons; 14th year, Chicago Conservatory of Fine Arts (Inc.), 523 S. Western Ave. Phone Seeley 4921. C. F. Kellogg, president.

I AM LOOKING FOR TWO FRIENDS. S. and G. Reisseloff, from Krakow, Austria. Z. Dulski, care S. Litzky, 2006 State St., Chicago.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOM. Twenty-sixth ward, convenient to street car lines and elevated. Address G. A. Daily Socialist.

NICELY FURNISHED ROOM AT Comrade Sullivan's, 466 West Van Buren street, near Loomis street.

REAL ESTATE

LAKE COUNTY, MICH. LANDS—40 acres, \$200; only \$40 first payment; 80 acres, \$600; only \$50 first payment. Balance easy monthly payments; no interest; level land; easily cleared; close to county seat; weekly excursions, boat and rail, every Tuesday night at 7:45 o'clock; \$6.50 round trip; free to purchasers. Send for map and literature. David H. Miller, 183 Madison St., R. 507.

OPTICIANS

DR. LIONEL TOPAZ. Eye-Sight Specialist, Eyes Tested Free 207 S. WALSTED STREET

TALKING MACHINES

COMRADES, CITY AND COUNTRY—I would like to have names and addresses of all who are interested in country work; weekly photographs; I have spent over \$50.00 in advertising in the Socialist. I will call in Chicago and suburbs. Machines at all prices; 10 in. records, 25c and 50c; cylinder records, 25c. Write to: 1131 Stock Exchange Bldg., 108 La Salle St., Phone Main 2515. M. H. TAFT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Suite 78, 99 Randolph St., Borden Bldg. Phone Central 2513.

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BUSINESS CARDS

FOR CIGARS call on or write to B. BERLYN, 682 E. 63d St., Chicago. Ill. Phone Hyde Park 5425.

ARCHITECT—COMRADES, I furnish plans and specifications for buildings of any plan in the world. Send me your orders or notify a. or act as my representative in securing orders from others. Schoolhouse plans a specialty. Turn the tide of profits in your comrades where you can. William L. Garver, Architect, Chiltonco, Mo.

BUY YOUR DRUGS FROM SACHS' drugstore; prescriptions our specialty; railroad tickets and foreign exchange; Steamship tickets to all parts of the U. S., Canada and Mexico. S. SACHS & CO., 718 N. Western av.

TYPEWRITERS—ALL MAKES, NEW and slightly used, bought, sold, rented, repaired. Office furniture. Stenographers furnished. O. T. Anderson, 332 Dearborn St., Chicago. Reference, Daily Socialist.

MICHIGAN COMRADES—FOR cigars write Uno Cigar Co., Benton Harbor, Mich., manufacturers of On-Eat John 5c and On-Eat John Excello 10c.

BOOKS. SCIENCE AND SOCIALISM, by Robert Rieu La Monte, and Marx on "Cheapness," translated by LaMonte, have just been published in the Pocket Library of Socialism, at 50 cents.







Detectives in Trade Unions

Every great war has its spies, and it was not to be expected that the class struggle would prove an exception. Indeed, it is but fitting that it should depend more upon spies than any other struggle...

The capitalists of today, unlike the rulers of other ages, do not depend upon their strength, or their skill at arms, but upon their power to hire editors and preachers, and politicians, and orators, who shall lie to and deceive the mass of the people—the workers.

Such a ruling class would naturally take to a spy system. So it is that there has grown up a private army of sneaks and professional liars, who for hire infest the organizations of labor, seeking to disrupt and betray their fellows.

They are found in every industry. The Chicago Stock Yards swarms with them. The McCormick Harvester Trust keeps a goodly number on its pay roll, along with some "social service experts," to show the brotherhood of capital and labor. The Chicago street car companies gather in many thousands of nickels each year to maintain an army of sneaks and spotters and spies.

Great corporations and firms have arisen whose business it is to supply these professional liars and sleuths. The Pinkertons are the largest of these, but the Corporations' Auxiliary company is a close second, with many smaller competitors.

The Corporations Auxiliary makes it its especial business to supply men trained to disrupt labor organizations. These men are sent into the shops and factories to gain the confidence of the employees, and then to betray them in order that they may be discharged and hounded under the blacklist to starvation.

The positions of these sleuths, the prosperity of the firms they represent, their own reputation as "detectives" depends upon their ability to produce evidence. Since they are paid to lie in the first instance and can only do their work by continuous lying and treachery, it follows as night follows day that if evidence does not exist they will lie to manufacture it.

When a bunch of detectives is placed in a shop to prevent organization they cannot report that there is no talk of unions. If they did they would no longer be needed and their detective agency that sent them and depended upon them to "work up trade" would soon find more "enterprising" and less scrupulous men.

The spy who is sent in to find agitators will find them, even though the men be as submissive and slavish as capitalism could desire. Thousands of men have undoubtedly been sent out upon the long road as tramps, marked men in the world of industry, all because some spy realized that holding his job depended upon making some sort of a "showing" in his report.

As for the man who dares to be a man, who dares to stand up for the betterment of himself and his class, he is a marked man from the start for these sneaking spies. He takes his job (which is the means whereby he lives, and therefore his life) in his hands whenever he dares to speak to a fellow worker in an effort to arouse resistance against the servitude of capitalism.

In spite of all the efforts of the spies the crushing pressure of wage slavery drives men together in organized resistance. When the trade union appears then the spy takes another tactic. He penetrates into the union, perjuring himself with lying words of fidelity to the men upon whom he is playing the Judas. Within the union he is the pliant tool of his masters, long skilled in such devilish work.

He seeks position. He preaches discontent. He attacks union principles. He urges violence. He fights strikes or urges them, according as the interests of the capitalists who employ him may dictate.

All these things he does in addition to supplying his masters with information concerning every move of the workers. This is something which every union should thoroughly understand—that they are playing with loaded dice. NO ACTS OF A UNION ARE SECRET FROM THE EMPLOYER.

There is no way by which a union can prevent the entrance of a spy into their ranks. But there are some signs by which he can be detected, and got rid of, and one of the best things about the tests for a spy is that they also apply to the general membership and will serve well to keep dangerous elements out of the union.

REMEMBER THAT THE ONE THING WHICH THE CAPITALIST CLASS FEARS IS PEACEFUL, INTELLIGENT, SOLIDIFIED ACTION OF THE WORKERS ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Any one who advocates disruption of the ranks of labor may well be looked upon with suspicion, and if he is ejected the union will be a gainer, whether he be a spy or not.

Beware, therefore, of the man who is always organizing cliques within the union. Keep watch of the fellow who shouts about violence during a strike.

But perhaps the easiest way for the spy to get in his work of disruption is through the political field. So long as the working class can be kept quarreling about the respective merits of capitalist parties, it makes no difference which of these win, LABOR LOSES.

IT WILL ALWAYS PAY TO WATCH THE TRADE UNIONIST WHO IS MIXED UP IN CAPITALIST POLITICS.

If he is not a spy, or is not making money out of his treason to labor, it is because he is more of a fool than a crook and is not getting the pay to which his services to the enemies of labor entitle him.

The only safeguard against the spy is to have no secrets. There is really no reason why every meeting of a union should not be wide open. The employer knows everything that happens, anyway, and the supposed security only serves to entrap men into doing and saying things that give the spy a hold upon them.

With no secrets in the union and no divisions on the political field, the sphere of the spy would be much limited. To be sure, he could still act the part of a lying sneak in preventing the formation of unions. He could still be depended upon to make evidence when it was desired to convict union men in courts of law.

There is one way by which the spy can be forever banished. He is an outgrowth of the class struggle. He will disappear when that struggle ends with the victory of labor. He is maintained by the capitalist class in order to increase the returns from ownership and decrease those for labor. When labor owns capital there will be no field for the spy.

THAT WOULD BE SOCIALISM.

Hard Labor. Algernon, only son of Gabba Golde, descended from the balloon and entered his waiting motor car.

"And yet wealth," he confided to us, as we tore along the white beach, beside the blue and roaring sea, toward the casino—"wealth is not worth striving for."

The remark, to our Socialistic view, was opprobrious. "How do you know?" we sneered. "You don't strive for your wealth."

"It is evident," he said, "that you don't know my father."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Interest in the Haywood trial is decreasing; the modern newspaper reader gets tired of long stories," says the Enquirer. It is not the workmen that are getting tired. It is the capitalist press that has got the tired feeling along with the prosecution, as statement after statement of St. Orchard is shattered by the defense.—Buffalo Herald.

To meet all the old Socialists and get acquainted with the new ones, come to the picnic at Elliott's Park next Sunday.

Twelve 50-cent sub cards, good for three months, mailed to any address for \$5.00. Send in your order.—Advt.

FROM SEDAN TO CONEY ISLAND

BY ERNEST POOLE



I heard him stop. I heard him pound my door. I heard him scream: "Mon dieu! mon dieu! ter-ree-ree!" But in battle I heard those Frenchmen scream before. Like twenty men I played!

I saw young Vic—his face looked queer—run by me out. I heard more pounding—but I played. 'Till all at once the door fell in with crashing! So I stopped. The room was full of people.

The Frenchman stood in front. He was tall and thin; he bent once at the neck, once more in the middle; his face was long and full of hollow places; his hair was grey and jumped around; he stamped and he waved his hands with startling eyes. And all the peoples came moaning and more. My business got, some more. We came out of our debt. And I began already to be once more alive.

The old Frenchman was still here. And he was growing queer with his quick, laughing eyes. I looked at my wife. My wife looked away. Why? I became a little mad, till supper was done and I took my cigar. I puff and puff and I feel my peace. Women are no use to understand.

It was a hot night, so I opened our door. Soon from old Victor's room came quick up jumpings, walkings, curstings, noisy breathings. And I chuckled. I puffed harder. I saw my smoke go out the door. But maybe in one hour I got tired of his voice. He spoiled all the peace of my smoke. I just a little swore—about all Frenchmen—and I looked up. Katrina's face was queer.

Well, the next day a fine surprise walked into my shop. It was little Vic. He had been in Chicago away. Just now he had come back, and here he was all foaming with jolliness—fakes and songs. And besides, he did a thing he had never done before. He smoked one of my cigars—to the end! I could see he had a sickness—but still he smoked. (So it is learning my cigars—like a soldier in his first fight. But when you learn, how happy you can be.) He asked all about my shop and my wife and Katrina. He heard about my little Fritz—ah, and I got away. He bad. And this he saw and went away.

The next day we had a long talk, and I told him about my life. I listened and I could feel in his voice and his eyes that little Vic's life had been a fine and clean and first beauty songs. Now he was leader of the orchestra in one small theater uptown. He came again to me many times in a month; he made me go once more to a place for good Munich beer.

"Many times I asked him to come up to supper home. But never would he come. I had some dreams for our Katrina, and I talked a little to my wife. But never again did I look at her and strange. I told all I had heard about young girls in New York. Our Katrina was working in a baker shop. She might get in some troubles. How happy we must be if she could a good mate husband find. But my wife said we could not ask Vic to come if he wished to stay away. So I stopped asking.

Now came the Fourth of July, and we saw many flags in the windows. Katrina before breakfast looked our window out—and back she jumped. "What's the bother?" I asked. "Nothing, nothing," she said very quick. But I looked. Right close by was from old Victor's window, was jumping a big French flag! It flapped and came up on the wind and was right in front of my face!

"Quick, Katrina," I shouted. "Some 'No, no,' she begged. But I jumped and took some string, and at the end of the flag I tied one heavy empty cigar box—and let go. The flag fell down. It came from Victor's window, and it was like a rag! And now I lit my good cigar with sparkling eyes.

I heard a scream. Slow I went to my window and puffed out some peace-shaking hands. "Vic," he said, "I had thrown it out. Again his flag flapped up, and it came just in front of my cigar. I gave a puff.

"Mein herr," I said very polite, in my English words, "will you take your washing from my window away?" "Washing!" he shouted. So angry he was that his words became only French noises. "I have a right to my flag in my window," he cried at last. "My window is mine." And when the flag flapped up once more I reached out to the another box.

"Stop!" I looked. Here was Victor leaning from his window with his old French army gun—with sparkling eyes. "Warn you," he screamed. "I warn you!"

I took the end and I tied on another box. Old Victor pulled, but I was strong. Down it fell, like the tail of a dog who is scared. Old Victor got white and pulled it up, he took it off—and up jumped again the flag. I tied on another box.

I have still eighteen boxes," I said, very polite. But I tell you I was becoming angry. My wife pulled my arm and Katrina cried—but I shouted back into our room. "Who are you—French women?" And when the flag flapped up once more I reached out to the another box.

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fever in his bed. In the morning his head was clear, and now he always looked at me, his black eyes laughed, and all the new things he had learned. No more the same marching up in his head. He spoke quick. His fever was coming and going. And soon he got so tired lying still. He begged me to lift him and carry him down to the street to play. And he was always lifting up, my little joking Fritz—he was lifted up, he went away to play. Gay dreams. Gay dreams.

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he told me about his life. I listened and I could feel in his voice and his eyes that little Vic's life had been a fine and clean and first beauty songs. Now he was leader of the orchestra in one small theater uptown. He came again to me many times in a month; he made me go once more to a place for good Munich beer.

"Many times I asked him to come up to supper home. But never would he come. I had some dreams for our Katrina, and I talked a little to my wife. But never again did I look at her and strange. I told all I had heard about young girls in New York. Our Katrina was working in a baker shop. She might get in some troubles. How happy we must be if she could a good mate husband find. But my wife said we could not ask Vic to come if he wished to stay away. So I stopped asking.

Now came the Fourth of July, and we saw many flags in the windows. Katrina before breakfast looked our window out—and back she jumped. "What's the bother?" I asked. "Nothing, nothing," she said very quick. But I looked. Right close by was from old Victor's window, was jumping a big French flag! It flapped and came up on the wind and was right in front of my face!

"Quick, Katrina," I shouted. "Some 'No, no,' she begged. But I jumped and took some string, and at the end of the flag I tied one heavy empty cigar box—and let go. The flag fell down. It came from Victor's window, and it was like a rag! And now I lit my good cigar with sparkling eyes.

I heard a scream. Slow I went to my window and puffed out some peace-shaking hands. "Vic," he said, "I had thrown it out. Again his flag flapped up, and it came just in front of my cigar. I gave a puff.

"Mein herr," I said very polite, in my English words, "will you take your washing from my window away?" "Washing!" he shouted. So angry he was that his words became only French noises. "I have a right to my flag in my window," he cried at last. "My window is mine." And when the flag flapped up once more I reached out to the another box.

"Stop!" I looked. Here was Victor leaning from his window with his old French army gun—with sparkling eyes. "Warn you," he screamed. "I warn you!"

I took the end and I tied on another box. Old Victor pulled, but I was strong. Down it fell, like the tail of a dog who is scared. Old Victor got white and pulled it up, he took it off—and up jumped again the flag. I tied on another box.

I have still eighteen boxes," I said, very polite. But I tell you I was becoming angry. My wife pulled my arm and Katrina cried—but I shouted back into our room. "Who are you—French women?" And when the flag flapped up once more I reached out to the another box.

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