

NEW UNEASINESS IS FELT; MORE GOLD IS SOUGHT

Total Secured in Europe for New York Reaches \$105,849,950—Wall Street Review Paints Demoralization in Iron Trade

That new uneasiness is felt by financial interests and that the horizon is not as clear as paid optimists are representing in the big daily papers is proved by the fact there is a renewal of the movement of foreign gold toward New York.

The engagement of an additional \$2,750,000 has been reported in New York, while London cables indicate that practically all the gold arrivals at that center are being secured for New York account.

Iron Is Demoralized A Chicago dispatch, published in the Wall Street Journal, organ of the plutocrats, says, concerning the western iron and steel situation:

Independent interests have only about half their furnace capacity in blast, and foundry interests report a curtailment of 50 per cent. The blast furnaces at Maywood have been idle for some time, and the Thomas furnaces at Millwaukee and the Federal and Ironque furnaces at South Chicago are also shut down.

Stock "tickers" brought the following dispatch from New York: "It is believed by some thoughtful investors that within a very short time the effect of the closing down of manufacturing plants and the general curtailment that is in progress in all lines of business will be reflected in railroad delivery at less than 1,000,000 tons a year ago on book for 1907."

RUSSIA NEEDS \$93,000,000 FOR "EXTRAORDINARY EXPENSE" St. Petersburg, Dec. 11.—In making the budget statement in the duma at Kokovsov, the finance minister, pointed out that to cover the extraordinary expenditure about \$93,000,000 would be needed, and in the government's opinion this sum could be procured only by credit operations.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS WIN IN MOBOCAN FIGHT Rabat, Morocco, Dec. 11.—The French and the Spanish missions to the Moroccan government have brought their negotiations with the foreign board to a successful conclusion and the diplomats will leave here tomorrow.

NEW YORK MUST ENDURE ANOTHER BLUE SUNDAY New York, Dec. 11.—After a heated debate the proposed ordinance removing the ban from Sunday concerts and other forms of mild entertainment on the first day of the week was referred by the board of aldermen to the committee on laws and legislation, and New York is promised another "blue" Sabbath as the board will not meet again until next Tuesday.

THE WEATHER Office of Chief of Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.—Weather forecast: Illinois and Indiana—Fair Wednesday, except snow in extreme north portion; Thursday fair and warmer; north-west winds.

HOW GOOD AMERICAN DOLLARS WERE EARNED



AND HOW THE SAID DOLLARS WERE SPENT

REVELATIONS IN GOULD DIVORCE; HOW THEY LIVE

New York, Dec. 10.—Helen Mar's deposition in the divorce suit of Mrs. Howard Gould was filed in the supreme court today. Miss Mar gave a detailed account of the intimacy of Colonel William P. Cody (Buffalo Bill) with Mrs. Gould, then Katherine Clemmons, especially during the world's fair in Chicago.

Following this dinner the women became bosom friends. Katherine complained bitterly against Buffalo Bill. Q. What complaint did she make against him? A. That he had promised to start her on the stage.

WIDOW, HER CHILDREN UNEMPLOYED, GETS PAPER FREE A letter has just been received from a woman of Anacostis, Wis., regarding the lapse of her subscription, in answer to which she has been informed that she will receive her regular copy gratis.

STOGIEMAKERS AND CIGAR-MAKERS MAY AMALGAMATE It now seems certain that peace will soon be declared between the stogiemakers and the cigarmakers. Trouble between these two bodies of workers has existed for years.



A. Her grievance was that she had been living with him for some time and he had not quite kept his promise to start her; that it was a great difficulty for her to get any money or any contract or anything else from him; she had just returned from Europe—London—where she had been introduced, she told me, as his niece, and she had been a few weeks there in a play called "The White Lily," in which she had some of the Wild West Show incidents with her on her tour.

GOLDFIELD QUIET IN SPITE OF WORK OF THE DETECTIVES AND PAID THUGS

Goldfield, Nev., Dec. 11.—The mine owners are leaving nothing undone to bring about a clash between the United States troops and the strikers. Tomorrow is the day set for the opening of the mines. Detectives and troublemakers worked hard all last night to start riots, but succeeded only in causing a few quarrels.

It is said that General Funston is on his way to Goldfield, and will take personal command of the troops, and that martial law will be declared on his arrival. Whether his presence in Goldfield will prevent the soldiers from becoming the employes of the mine owners, or the contrary, will be seen later.

Sparks Sees Operators Governor Sparks arrived last night and conferred with Colonel Reynolds and the mine owners, but it is not known that he held any conference with the heads of the miners' union.

Horses for Troopers The orders given for horses for the troops under command of Colonel Reynolds were countermanded this morning and it is doubtless the intention to divide the two camps now established into a number of smaller camps nearer to the large mines, where the first attempt to reopen will be made, and where the first trouble will occur, if agents of the Mine Owners' association decide upon violence or bloodshed.

Colorado Strike Off Denver, Colo., Dec. 10.—The executive board of the Western Federation of

Funston on Way to Scene and Martial Law, It Is Said, Will Be Proclaimed—Operators Firm in Resolve to Open Mines With Nonunionists

Mines yesterday officially called off the strike in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado, giving as the reason the fact that the camp is in need of skilled mine workers and now by calling off the strike many union men employed "in less favorable places" can go to Cripple Creek and accept work without violating their union pledges.

Editorial from Inter Ocean That the mine owners' determination to defeat the Western Federation of Miners has already reached the conspiracy stage is evidenced by an editorial in this morning's Inter-Ocean.

Federal Troops at Goldfield The Western Federation of Miners against the president's compliance with a formal request of Governor Sparks of Nevada that federal troops be sent to keep order in Goldfield is marked by the usual irrelevant evasions and the habitual suppression of truth and suggestion of falsehood which all careful observers have come to expect from that organization.

Hawley Abuses Pettibone; "Trail of Blood," He Says Boise, Idaho, Dec. 11.—The Pettibone case is of full swing. Court adjourned Monday at the solicitation of the prosecution to allow them to get their witnesses here.

Witnesses Are Examined Hawley spoke two hours, occupying the whole of the forenoon session. In the afternoon witnesses were introduced by the state, establishing the corpus delicti and the fact that Orward, of Iowa, as that called himself, was Caldwell. Thirteen witnesses were called by the state. Borah is conducting the examination. The defense made no cross-examination.

"Dead Men Tell No Tales," BUT THIS DEAD MAN WILL DEVENOR, COLO., DEC. 11.—The old adage, "Dead men tell no tales," is likely to be rudely shattered in Denver, when the federal grand jury meets December 11.

JOKES OF TOOTHPICKS IN HIS LUNGS; THEN DIES Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 11.—Cheerfully joking about his queer plight, Eugene Hirsch, twenty-two years old, went about his business for five weeks with a toothpick piercing his lungs.

STEEL WORKERS ON STRIKE AT BETHLEHEM, PA. Bethlehem, Pa., Dec. 11.—Because of dissatisfaction with the tonnage scale instead of the per diem rate of wages, most of the expert workmen at the new rail mill in the Saucon plant of the Bethlehem Steel works went on strike.

RENEWAL OF EAR TROUBLE IMPERIAL GERMAN RULER London, Dec. 11.—It is reported that the two days' visit of the kaiser to London after his stay at Highfield castle was due to his desire to consult specialists as to his throat trouble, which persists. It is also said that there has been a serious complication of his ear trouble, and that after King Alfonso met the kaiser two weeks ago he did not seek to hide from his suite how the kaiser's physical appearance seemed changed.

MONEY TALKS. Brown—I say, old man, could you lend me 50 cents? Jones—I am a little dead in that ear; go around to the other one. Brown (changing his mind)—Could you lend me \$100? Jones—Five dollars. Brown—Oh, you had better go back to the 50-cent ear.

DAI'LY WRECK RECORD New York, Dec. 11.—Testimony taken today at the trial of Alfred H. Smith, general manager of the New York Central railway, charged with manslaughter in the second degree, because of the Brewster express wreck in February, showed that E. B. Rogers, the engineer, had but four days' actual experience in running one of the new electric trains, and had never been taught to gauge the speed while running such trains.

STILL AHEAD. "Willie" Collier, the comedian, was an "irrepressible" member of a bar-storming combination which some ten years ago did the "tank" towns of the middle west. The company had been doing a poor business for several weeks when a certain town in Illinois was reached. Just before the curtain went up that night Collier was standing at the curtain "peep hole," slaking up the audience.

WASN'T THE GIRL'S FAULT. Ethel lady (at the telephone)—I want my husband, please, at once. Telephone girl (from the exchange)—Number, please? Ethel lady (snappingly)—How many did you think I've got you independent thing?

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

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PUZZLE IN VEIN SEVERING CASE

The case of Mildred Emma Hanson, the ten-year-old girl whose leg was severed...

Doctor's Sight Impaired. Smith also produced a letter from Dr. Wald...

Autopsy at Morgue. The body of the girl will, no doubt, be removed to the county morgue...

Dr. John Almon, Western and Elston avenues, an internist at the hospital...

Two More Counties in South Banish Liqueur. Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 10...

Offer \$500 a Minute Forfeit on Pump System. New York, Dec. 11...

Police Look for Bandit Stabbed in a Fight. Police from the Chicago avenue station...

Labor Cheap in Turkey. An American manufacturer of laundry machinery...

Not for Good. Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 11. On complaint of Felipe Maquez...

Rich Young Man, High in Church, is Accused. Sacramento, Dec. 11. Sidney Root...

Offered Schwartz Position. The story was a faithful narrative of what had befallen a nineteen-year-old Hungarian boy...

Crushed in Elevator. Samuel Kahn, assistant head of the Boston store mailing room...

Mangold Uses "Language". "What did you ever do for Schwartz?" he asked by way of prelude...

Will Tell Daily First. The reporter explained that his present mission was to verify news...

A Pleasant Gentleman. Mangold is a pleasant gentleman, with a manner that carries conviction...

Hunger Drives Men into Army. Vancouver, Wash., Dec. 10. Where, some months ago the recruiting officers...

Thinks Missing Woman Was Waylaid for Cash. Mrs. Mary Borchers, 53 years old, whose home is at 4455 Kimbark avenue...

Mule Aims at Girl's Sled, But Kicker Gets Kicked. Port Jarvis, N. Y., Dec. 11. "It's glorious!" cried Miss Mabel Huntington...

Big Pacific Boats All to Have Wireless Stations. San Francisco, Dec. 11. The day is not far distant when every ocean-going steamer...

Business Cards. For cigars call on or write to B. Brellyn, 682 E. 83d Street, Chicago, Ill. Phone Hyde Park 5425.

Plumbing, Etc. E. Mulloy, Heating & Plumbing, Gas Stove and Furnace Rep. 4343 Indiana Ave. Phone See 2400.

Medicines and Surgeons. Natural healing is the only way to get cured of any disease...

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SOILED Doves IN REVEL AT THE DEMOCRATIC BALL

Ballet tights and very young skirts, dominoes and paint, these were the hallmarks of the fair of Chicago's underworld as they made merry with bold knights, fantastic Indians and gladiators at the Coliseum last night.

The "First Ward Democratic Ball" has gone into history. By the same token \$40,000 has gone into the campaign fund of Alderman John Coughlin, otherwise titled "Bathhouse John," of the First ward.

Gandy, Wanton Spurge The occasion was not so much a ball as a revel of drunken surfeit. It was not so much a masquerade as a gaudy spurge of wanton display.

Over twenty thousand men and women, recruited from the nooks of Chicago's lowest depths, attended the affair. The men were those whose names defied grace, low saloons and dens of the vice district. The women were those whose cheap, sullied lives are lived within the limits of this same vice region.

The revel was along lines of the familiar. The liquor that could be poured into the Coliseum, regardless of cost. It was a drinking bout that held sway in the best amphitheater Chicago has.

Five bars and myriad tables were in evidence and in constant use all during the revel. Beginning at 8 o'clock, the occasion gradually gathered impetus up to 3 o'clock, and the "First Ward Democratic Ball" was in full swing from then up to 3.

"Ain't It Great?"—Bathhouse proudly asked. He surveyed the scene of his creation. "Say, this beats anything I ever saw in Paris. It's got everything that beats a thousand ways."

The alderman had not spared expense, not did his guests. A big money that could be scraped from a tainted board—the board of months of illegitimate traffic, probably—was brought into

The clerks in one of Chicago's largest department stores are going to make a pool of \$9,600 and present it to their employers as a Christmas gift. They are going to get all that money together in the week preceding Christmas. You don't believe it? Listen.

One thousand clerks employed in just one department store are booked to work four hours overtime at night, every night during the week of December 15 to 24.

The aggregate number of hours these clerks will work overtime, during the nights will be just 8,000. They are to do this overtime work free of charge. Were they to be paid for their time they would get 10 cents an hour. Ninety-six thousand times ten cents equals \$9,600.

This, then, is the saving for one firm during Christmas week. This is the present given by the employees on the eight anniversary of Christendom to their employers.

And, mark you, this has to do with but one store. The same thing probably will be true of the other establishments. If it is what will be the aggregate present of Chicago's workers to capital?

The foregoing interesting facts are presented in a little folder that is being got out by the Woman's Union Label League.

BODIES OF 141 ARE RECOVERED

Monongah, W. Va., Dec. 11.—Up to the present time 14 bodies have been brought out of mines Nos. 6 and 8 of the Consolidation company which wrecked by the explosion of methane. All the bodies recovered have been buried. The relief fund was increased to \$40,000 by donations. Nearly all of the mines have resumed work.

If you see a job of printing carrying the union label with the number 65 you will know it was done by the Workers' Publishing Society. See to it that this number is on the next job done for your union.

On The Mallet By Peyton Boswell

"The Merry Widow." The success of "The Merry Widow" at the Colonial is due mainly to the fact that it has a plot which compels interest in the piece from start to finish.

WEEK AT THE THEATERS. Academy—"From the Little Madcap."

Bijou—"The Merry Widow."

Bush Temple—"The Bohemian."

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Wages and the Crisis

There is one phase of the crisis which is greeted with ill-concealed exultation by the financial rulers of America. This is the opportunity which it will afford to secure a reduction of wages.

One of the Wall street brokerage firms assures its customers that the mass of unemployed will soon make possible a reduction of wages. The Steel Trust announces that it is about to make a reduction of 10 per cent to the wages paid to its employes.

This statement concerning the Steel Trust is particularly significant. The steel industry has long been considered as the ruling force in capitalist industry. It is more so in the United States than in any other country, owing to the tremendous concentrated power of the single dominating corporation which rules the production and distribution of steel in this country.

One of the first acts of the Steel Trust was to declare war upon organized labor. It has been so successful in this respect that John Hodge, the delegate from the English trades unions to the American Federation of Labor, himself the head of the British steel workers' organization, declares that the wages paid to the makers of steel in the United States are actually less in absolute dollars and cents, to say nothing of purchasing power, than in England.

Yet these wages, already at the starvation point, are to be reduced still further.

The attack upon the Western Federation of Miners, backed up by President Roosevelt and the whole power of the federal government, is now displayed in its true light as a part of this general concerted movement to reduce the remuneration of labor, by the announcement that when the mines open this week it will be at a reduced scale of wages.

In this effort to lower wages there will be a more powerful army at the disposal of the capitalist than the regulars or the state militia—THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

The gaunt mass of workless workers, of producers deprived of the right to produce, will be driven by the hunger whip to the wage-block auction, there to underbid their fellow workers and assist the buyers of wage-labor to force still lower the price of the human commodity.

Against this attempt to reduce the standard of life of the nation's workers organized labor must steadily set its face.

Every such reduction only decreases the amount of the product consumed by society, throws other workers out, increases the army of the unemployed, forces wages still lower, and so on in a ghastly, dancing social circle.

The most effective way to meet this problem is to demand that the army of the unemployed be cared for by organized society. Insist that the present session of Congress provide for productive work for those whom capitalism has deprived of the right to enjoy man's primal curse.

Take away this host of jobless workers and those who remain at work can maintain their standard of life, can fight with some show of success against the attempts of their masters to take away a still larger portion of the workers' product.

Because the rulers of today are anxious to force wages as low as possible, every effort will be made to avoid taking any steps to relieve the pressure of the workless army.

ONLY WHEN THAT ARMY THREATENS CAPITALISM ITSELF WILL CAPITALISTS MOVE TO GIVE IT RELIEF. THAT IS WHY IT IS NECESSARY TO CONVINCING THE MASTER CLASS THAT WE ARE IN EARNEST, AND TO DO THIS AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

Breaking Up the Family

It might be well to call attention to the fact that so far as known neither Howard Gould, his wife, Helen Mar, Buffalo Bill, nor any of the other parties concerned in the divorce suit that is now filling the press with disgusting tales of orgies has any connection with the Socialist movement.

None of the parties claim to have been led to their actions by having read Socialist literature or listened to Socialist speeches.

It is also a suggestive fact that the Gould property is not of a character that makes the Goulds extensive advertisers. Otherwise this case would be treated as was the similar one in which C. W. Post, the noted union hater, was concerned.

He was involved in one of the most disgusting scandals that have disgraced the ruling class of the United States, but, being a heavy advertiser, it was completely suppressed by all save a few labor papers.

The Grammatical Error

Yes, we saw it—that grammatical error in yesterday's editorial. So did every one else, apparently. It will not be necessary for any more readers to send in marked copies, because it is too late to correct it.

SHALL IT BE WAR?

"They're a-gittin' awful solemn in each editorial column. And they're fustlin' forty feet in ink— Will Japan raise up a holler and sit red around the collar. When she sees 'at' splashin' water in her sink? Won't the entire British nation die of nervous strangulation? As the Admiral remarks to Mac-Jones," says the "Boston" fact is: Truth depends on target practice. Talk is cheap, but powder's dear," says he.

On the contrary, their interests are the same—to free themselves from economic oppression. If war be necessary, let those who make it do the fighting. On the authority of Seth Lew, speaking at a convention of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, all modern wars are commercial. The capitalist class reaps the benefit, and the working class should refuse to do the fighting.

The above is one stanza from some doggerel entitled, "A Voice from the Fleet," which appears in the current number of "Collier's Weekly." It may have been a sly another one of those unaccountable whims on the part of President Roosevelt, abetted by the Secretary of the Navy, to order American men-of-war out for an abiding just at this time and just to the Orient waters. And Taft's personality conducted tours may have no significance other than to complete his sadly neglected education. And then again, as Jones says— But why speculate?

The capitalist class has every reason for desiring a war. There is "over-production"; hard times are upon us and there is a growing discontent in face of a presidential campaign. Wars dispose of surplus wealth, and catch the unwary with the fire and drum appeal to the wage workers to accept a thirteen-dollar-a-month job with Uncle Sam. Incidentally, a war eliminates tens of thousands of wage workers from the population, patronizes hospitals and insane asylums and grants a new lease of life to the pension bureau. All this is entirely satisfactory to the capitalist class. War is a good business proposition for them.

But how fares it with the wage-working class? While they have no voice in the making of war, they alone, as a class, are sent out to feed the cannon's mouth. They have no quarrel with the workers of other lands.

Both have their ties, and both include. When polished, in the world to shine. And both get out; now would you choose To be a man or be his shoes? —The Hackler.

One dollar for sub. cards from each active worker this week will mean more than thousands in a month.

THE MAGICIANS

BY C. J. R.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful country whose shores were by the blue ocean waves. It was a wealthy and populous land, and the ships of all the world gathered in its ports, to carry the produce of its fields and farms to their own less favored lands.

In the bosom of its mountains there was hidden gold and iron, and all the minerals useful to man; and marble and granite with which to build; while its broad fertile plains produced wheat and corn, and fruits and plants, pleasant or useful to the human race.

Now, you would have said that happiness must be the portion of the race of men who inhabited this favored spot. Alas, not so. The beautiful country was under the dominion of a small number of magicians who exercised the most terrible and unlimited power over the lives and fortunes of their fellow men, few indeed being able to live at all except by the consent of these dread beings.

The magicians had for dwelling places, beautiful palaces of white marble, which were set in pleasant places, amidst the shade of leafy trees or else upon heights commanding the unresting sea. And they and their wives and children were always clad in fine garments; they feasted and made merry and they had no cares for them; for they toiled not, but were supported by the profits which were produced by the labor of other men.

But, the magicians had in their hearts no love for their fellow men. Sometimes, from motives of policy, they appeared in the temples which were dedicated to their gods and holy beings, who, in the language of the country was called the "Father in Heaven," yet in reality their whole aim and endeavor was to evade the first command which he laid on the children of men, and which, in the language of their scriptures was, "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread."

Now, the distinguishing mark of a magician of the first rank was the ability not only to eat bread but to live riotously by the sweat of other men; and in their efforts to accomplish this result, they were guilty of the most hateful oppression toward all those who were not possessed of the secret of the magic art.

They forced the people to perform all kinds of the most unnecessarily dangerous and laborious work. Some of them they compelled to dig for long hours, deep down in the bosom of the earth, for the precious ores out of which the artisans fashioned the richest jewels. Out of the other ores they

set smiths to fashion the deadliest weapons of human slaughter, which they put into the hands of their retainers and men-at-arms, so that they could slay, like obnoxious beasts, any workers of the mines, the smelters and the looms, who should revolt against the hard conditions under which they were compelled to toil.

Still, others were set to make all kinds of the most strange and complicated machinery, whereby human labor was rendered a thousand fold more productive, so that the things which were elsewhere made by hand were here produced by machines.

And the little children from the merciless grind of toil. They took the little human flowers, whom no gardener tended, and gathered them into great dismal buildings, and set them to tend the huge machines.

You will naturally wonder how the magicians managed to keep the workers under their spell. Well, the magicians owned all the wealth of the country, all the land that was worth anything, all the forests and mines and smelters and machines and factories, so that the workers had to serve the magicians or starve. Generally, the workers were very glad to serve, for the opportunity to work was entirely dependent on the caprices of the magicians; and every now and then they determined that no work should be done, and laid off their workers to starve.

But, I cannot stop to tell of all the inconceivable suffering of the people—how some were crippled and maimed, and how others were caught in the terrible machinery, and torn and mangled and crushed to death. I cannot tell—for I do not know how many hungered and starved to death because they could find no work, or were old and sick; nor how many others sought death of their own accord, as the only refuge from the storms of life. I only know that the cruel magicians saw it all, unmoved and pitiless.

But at last, when the oppression of the magicians became almost unendurable, a few men of the people, who were called agitators, began to teach that the power of the magicians was not unassailable. To be sure, the magicians had the glory and wealth and power, and all the magic words and formulas with which to render the many subservient to the few; but yet there recurred at regular though distant periods of time, one day on which the night of the magicians could not seal the common misdeeds of the workers. This was on the festival of the election.

Now, the magicians were aware of this danger, just as well as the agitators themselves, and many were the schemes these wily beings tried to keep the workers divided. For a long while they were successful—for there were few who would have anything to do with the plans of the agitators. But the agitators kept at their task, and soon a little band began to see the way to freedom. Each act of oppression brought new recruits to the little band, which afterwards grew into an army.

And, at last, the workers won the night of the magicians was overthrown, and their magic books were buried in the depths of the sea, so that their spells and charms might no more enthrall the children of men. And, the magicians were invited to eat bread by the sweat of their own brows, for each man enjoyed the fruits of his own labor.

Some presidential booms may need to be taken in out of the wintry weather, but Fairbanks' boom doesn't.

It would be cruelty to tell the children that Santa Claus had been seriously embarrassed by the financial stringency.

Senator Tillman is cheerful, anyway. The panic gave him an opportunity to make a red-hot speech in congress.

Our capitalist overlords have so well educated us to believe in the "dignity of labor" that we housewives, perhaps more than the wage slaves, still carry about the burden of pride in work.

The snow-white kitchen floor is a source of pride, but because it is more beautifully clean than linoleum or paint, but because it shows hard work. "My wife is a great worker; you could get off her kitchen floor!" "I scrub my floors regularly three times a week."

We say, "What a beautiful handkerchief, what a lot of work on it!" as if work alone ever made anything beautiful.

We still have tablecloths and pillow cases by hand though there is the sewing machine made to save labor. But, Lady So-and-So, who wants to use up as much ink as possible, she helps some to stove off panic; and also show her ability to spend; we'll be sure to know we're not in her class, has nothing but handwork on her linen and her wash.

So, we are proud of our slow, hard, handwork. We are proud that we are "so particular" that we never let the baby wear anything but white till she is two or three years old; that our high school Miss has five shirt waists in the wash each week.

We are proud when we can see the fish in the market and expense of the foods on our table—never mind taking time to study what foods are health-giving.

The capitalist's wife often, to show her wealth, liberally fills her house with furnishings. So we are proud of our lace curtains, our draperies, our numerous pictures and knickknacks on the walls, on the tables and in the corners, even though they make no end of work.

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They may not be velvet or real lace or marble or works of art in any sense but they are the best imitations we can afford. We copy her and waste no time thinking whether the result is really beautiful or not.

Let it time that we housewives of the working class did some thinking for ourselves and stopped simply copying the capitalist or other workmen and set our own standards of what constitutes beauty in the home.

Are not the things we should be most proud of those things about housekeeping that we have discovered or thought out which will save us most time and labor and at the same time bring us health, comfort or beauty? Mrs. Capitalist will give us no credit for such innovations. She'll say we're lazy. Do you see?

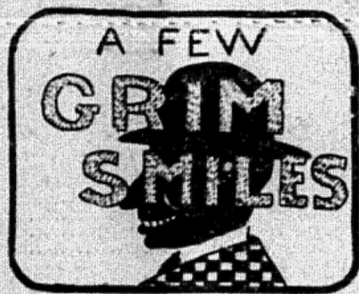
Let us sit down some day in the midst of our families, in the midst of the housework and look about and see if we cannot make our household duties fit our own needs. I have thought of some things that save work because I wanted more time and strength to give to my child, more time to read and think. You can think of many other things that save time and thought. Thinking if the capitalist could only keep us too busy to think he would always be our master. I won't allow that, even if I have to do a little judicious neglecting of my housework, that's real neglect is not usually necessary.

Still, if we want to come out from under the slavery that keeps us ignorant and larger things, unprogressive, ultra-conservative, we must find means to be relieved of some of the never-ending household duties. Of that result let us be proud.

"Kindness to employes" was alleged against Hammond, the typewriter inventor, as an evidence of insanity.

Autocratic mine owners and radical miners make a bad combination at the best, but when you mix in a little bank scrip—why, what can you expect?

AN ABOCRITICAL EPITOME
SOCIALISM.
Organization perfected.
Co-operation established.
Laziness cured.
A bundle revived.
Labor rewarded.
Individuality developed.
Slavery abolished.
Mankind united.
—H. M. Whalen.



The disastrous result of the panic are being felt by almost everyone except the printing companies that are turning out scrip. They get cash for it.

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Our capitalist overlords have so well educated us to believe in the "dignity of labor" that we housewives, perhaps more than the wage slaves, still carry about the burden of pride in work.

The snow-white kitchen floor is a source of pride, but because it is more beautifully clean than linoleum or paint, but because it shows hard work. "My wife is a great worker; you could get off her kitchen floor!" "I scrub my floors regularly three times a week."

We say, "What a beautiful handkerchief, what a lot of work on it!" as if work alone ever made anything beautiful.

We still have tablecloths and pillow cases by hand though there is the sewing machine made to save labor. But, Lady So-and-So, who wants to use up as much ink as possible, she helps some to stove off panic; and also show her ability to spend; we'll be sure to know we're not in her class, has nothing but handwork on her linen and her wash.

So, we are proud of our slow, hard, handwork. We are proud that we are "so particular" that we never let the baby wear anything but white till she is two or three years old; that our high school Miss has five shirt waists in the wash each week.

We are proud when we can see the fish in the market and expense of the foods on our table—never mind taking time to study what foods are health-giving.

The capitalist's wife often, to show her wealth, liberally fills her house with furnishings. So we are proud of our lace curtains, our draperies, our numerous pictures and knickknacks on the walls, on the tables and in the corners, even though they make no end of work.

They may not be velvet or real lace or marble or works of art in any sense but they are the best imitations we can afford. We copy her and waste no time thinking whether the result is really beautiful or not.

Let it time that we housewives of the working class did some thinking for ourselves and stopped simply copying the capitalist or other workmen and set our own standards of what constitutes beauty in the home.

Are not the things we should be most proud of those things about housekeeping that we have discovered or thought out which will save us most time and labor and at the same time bring us health, comfort or beauty? Mrs. Capitalist will give us no credit for such innovations. She'll say we're lazy. Do you see?

Let us sit down some day in the midst of our families, in the midst of the housework and look about and see if we cannot make our household duties fit our own needs. I have thought of some things that save work because I wanted more time and strength to give to my child, more time to read and think. You can think of many other things that save time and thought. Thinking if the capitalist could only keep us too busy to think he would always be our master. I won't allow that, even if I have to do a little judicious neglecting of my housework, that's real neglect is not usually necessary.

Still, if we want to come out from under the slavery that keeps us ignorant and larger things, unprogressive, ultra-conservative, we must find means to be relieved of some of the never-ending household duties. Of that result let us be proud.

magicians managed to keep the workers under their spell. Well, the magicians owned all the wealth of the country, all the land that was worth anything, all the forests and mines and smelters and machines and factories, so that the workers had to serve the magicians or starve.

Generally, the workers were very glad to serve, for the opportunity to work was entirely dependent on the caprices of the magicians; and every now and then they determined that no work should be done, and laid off their workers to starve.

But, I cannot stop to tell of all the inconceivable suffering of the people—how some were crippled and maimed, and how others were caught in the terrible machinery, and torn and mangled and crushed to death. I cannot tell—for I do not know how many hungered and starved to death because they could find no work, or were old and sick; nor how many others sought death of their own accord, as the only refuge from the storms of life. I only know that the cruel magicians saw it all, unmoved and pitiless.

But at last, when the oppression of the magicians became almost unendurable, a few men of the people, who were called agitators, began to teach that the power of the magicians was not unassailable. To be sure, the magicians had the glory and wealth and power, and all the magic words and formulas with which to render the many subservient to the few; but yet there recurred at regular though distant periods of time, one day on which the night of the magicians could not seal the common misdeeds of the workers. This was on the festival of the election.

Now, the magicians were aware of this danger, just as well as the agitators themselves, and many were the schemes these wily beings tried to keep the workers divided. For a long while they were successful—for there were few who would have anything to do with the plans of the agitators. But the agitators kept at their task, and soon a little band began to see the way to freedom.

Each act of oppression brought new recruits to the little band, which afterwards grew into an army. And, at last, the workers won the night of the magicians was overthrown, and their magic books were buried in the depths of the sea, so that their spells and charms might no more enthrall the children of men.

And, the magicians were invited to eat bread by the sweat of their own brows, for each man enjoyed the fruits of his own labor.

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THE UNDER-CURRENT

BY LEWIS G. DEHART.

Justin had had lunch at ten o'clock that morning; therefore, he was not really hungry, but he was tired, awfully tired. For four hours he had tramped through the little southern city, hunting for work of any kind that would provide a credit at some boarding house, for Justin was new to this kind of experience, and hated to bluff his way with a suitcase and nearly empty pocket.

Now, at 4 p. m., he was ready to give up, and as he wandered wearily along a side street toward the business center he was slowly turning over in his mind to what use he could best put his remaining capital, one dollar and twenty cents.

"It will pay for my bed and breakfast," he mused, "but tomorrow will be the same old story, no work and worse still, no money. If I was only back in the 'big town,' I could go to work tomorrow, but that's five hundred miles away."

By this time his wanderings had brought him to a railway station, and the gathering crowd and hurry of travelers, showed that a train was soon due. Mechanically he stepped into the waiting room and drew a full glass of water from the wooden tank hoping it would in a measure relieve the dull pain which was beginning to manifest itself beneath his belt.

A large railway map on the wall next occupied his attention and he stepped up to it, idly wondering how far his purse would carry him away from this already hateful place. He readily found the small dot indicating the town in which he was, and, as he looked at it, a half way, in big letters was Great Creston.

"Capital of the state," thought Justin, "it ought to be a good town, too. I wonder if a dollar twenty—"

He went over to the ticket window and inquired the fare to Great Creston.

"Dollar twenty-five," returned the agent, "train in twenty minutes."

Justin turned around, and stepping into the toilet room, swiftly removed his cuff buttons, a plated set, and started up the main street in search of a washbasin. He soon found one and dropped the buttons on the showcase in front of a sharp-nosed Hebrew.

"How much?" he queried, but the pawnbroker shook his head, and without even touching the buttons replied: "I don't give nottings on plated stuff."

Justin dropped the buttons back into his pocket and whirled around to the door. His hand was working rapidly now, and he made his way at a brisk walk up the street until he reached a second hand furniture store. He walked in and inquired of the proprietor, "Do you keep second hand knives here?"

and, as the man shook his head continued, "want to buy one?" and laid his own upon the case. It was a splendid knife of English make, and the dealer eyed it covetously.

"How much do you want?" he asked, and, at Justin's, curt "twenty-five cents," handed over a quarter and dropped the knife in